

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Conifer.*



FARMER MARSHALL.

"WAIT A YEAR."

CHAPTER XV.

ALL the poetry of Mona Moreton's life had been connected with her father. With his removal came sorrow and care, sickness and hardship, trials so numerous and so real as to leave no margin for aggravating them by sentimentality. Instead of indulging "the luxury of woe," that weakens even while it soothes, she was forced to be practical, and

turn her energies to general account. But occasionally she succumbed; the bitterness of heart-isolation overpowered her as she laid her head on the pillow when the day's work was done, and reflection told her that this joyless routine must go on for ever—at least, until she joined the beloved parent who had been everything to her. Less resigned than her sister, Nita was perpetually grumbling. Their life, she said, was so dull; it was so hard to be poor, and she hoped they should not always live at Hillesden.

No. 1419.—MARCH 3, 1879.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

The natural instincts of youth were not crushed out of her, as out of Mona, by the stern necessity of having always to calculate how far a shilling could be made to go, and how many sixpences could be put by for a rainy day. Partaking something of her mother's temper, it was not easy to cheer her with the reasoning that Mona felt to be helpful for herself. Mona did what she could to cheer the young girl. She caressed and petted her, promising to take the second lesson herself as soon as she was stronger.

To this arrangement Dr. Clarke interposed a veto. He said Nita might work, but Mona must rest. "Mrs. Gorts," he said, "is not to have you yet, and when you do go, she is to send you home. After a time you may walk one way, provided you take the short cut through the park. Mr. Sinclair wished me to tell you that you might go that way without fear; he had spoken about it to Sir Felix."

"With that concession I shall soon be able to walk one way," said Mona. "It would be impolitic to encroach upon Mrs. Gorts's kindness."

"You shall walk when you can, and not before," growled Dr. Clarke as he was leaving.

"He means to be kind," observed Mrs. Moreton, when he was gone; "but he sadly tries my nerves."

Notwithstanding all that has been said of the prosaic character of Mona's surroundings, the one romance that usually finds its way into woman's life was preparing for her. The young farmer was so smitten with her gentle grace that he could think of little else. He was always on the alert when business took him along the high road between Thurrocks and the cottage. But fortune was sullen so far as his services were concerned, and only gave him a peep of his charmer as she passed him now and then in Mrs. Gorts's pony-carriage. At length he took courage and opened his heart to Mr. Graves, touching upon what he conceived to be the disparity of position with painful consciousness.

"But, my good fellow, there is no disparity; or, if any, it is to your advantage. Miss Mona has hardly a sixpence even in expectation, and you are rich, and as good-hearted a fellow as a girl could wish to find. Cheer up, man!" said Mr. Graves, clapping him on the back.

Mr. Marshall still lacked courage to come forward, and as he drew circles with his oaken staff upon the ground, murmured something about gentlefolks being difficult sometimes.

"The gentlefolks are those who have money in their pocket, and are not afraid to spend it. He is a gentleman, as I take it, who will take a poor girl for his wife and never ask for a dowry," said Mr. Graves, in vulgar ignorance of "gentle life," in any sense of the phrase.

The result of this conversation was that Mr. Graves undertook to sound Mrs. Moreton before anything was said to Mona.

As Mona returned home after her first walk through the park, she arrived at the cottage just as Mr. Graves, who appeared more graciously patronising than usual, was leaving it.

"Ah! go to your mother, Miss Mona; she has news for you which is as good as rain in spring."

Thus encouraged, she entered, and was received by her mother with the unnecessary statement that Mr. Graves had just left her. She sat before a writing-table toying with a pen, a pinker shade than usual on her cheek, and her eyes bright and sparkling.

"How have you borne the walk, my love?" she asked, in a tone of solicitude she was not in the habit of addressing to her eldest daughter, making her sit beside her; and without waiting for a reply to her question, she began to lament the poverty that turned her into a slave.

"I don't mind it—that is, not much," said Mona, feeling at that moment both tired and depressed. "I shall grow stronger every day."

"And spend your strength as fast as you acquire it. But what if I tell you that you may give up these fatiguing lessons, and return to the easy life you formerly had? More than that, you may become actually wealthy, and be the mainstay of your family. Your father's daughter might have looked for something better; but, as Mr. Graves said, 'there is a difference between seeking and finding,' which is perfectly true. Therefore, as I promised him, you shall act for yourself. You are too good a child for me to fear the effect of riches upon you—comparative riches, I mean," she said, correcting herself, and regarding Mona with an approving smile.

With a beating heart Mona heard her mother's preamble, listening for a name she dreaded to hear.

"I have to tell you," continued Mrs. Moreton, "that a gentleman—of our acquaintance, one whom Hillesden calls wealthy," she went on, after having brought out the word "gentleman" with difficulty, "has asked permission to pay his addresses to you, and I have granted it."

"Who is it?" asked Mona, greatly troubled at this announcement, fear, not curiosity, being the dominant feeling.

"Had your father lived, Mr. Marshall would not have been the match I should have liked, but now we cannot afford to be over-particular. You will have a nice house of your own, servants to wait on you, and a carriage of some sort at your own disposal. You will not have to tramp about in bad weather, nor to sit by favour at Mrs. Gorts's table. You will have a kind, good husband to watch over you, and I shall have some one to take care of me. Mr. Marshall will make a respectful son-in-law; he was never forward in his manners. As Mr. Graves talked to me, the advantages of the marriage were so apparent that I felt it would be flying in the face of Providence to overlook them."

Of these advantages Mrs. Moreton had put last what ought to have been first—the man himself. "I have given him permission to call," she added.

"Not Mr. Marshall, mother!" said Mona, in a tone of astonishment and alarm.

"Yes, my dear; I said I would receive him to-morrow and hear what he has to say. As I stand in the place of your father, I must look after your interests."

As Mrs. Moreton made these revelations, with a complacency undisturbed by any doubt of their acceptability, she flushed with surprise and displeasure when Mona assured her that she had made a mistake, which ought to be rectified immediately, and proposed that a line to that effect should be at once dispatched to Mr. Graves. "Mr. Marshall's feelings," said Mona, "must be considered as well as mine."

"What do you mean, Mona?" Mrs. Moreton had already so far reconciled herself to the project that her daughter's calm, frigid manner produced a sudden chill.

"Mamma, I cannot marry Mr. Marshall. Do not let him think ill of us through any appearance of trifling on our part. I believe him to be a worthy man, but I could never think of him in this new light, nor must he think of me. Please send directly and stop Mr. Graves from giving your message."

"There is plenty of time, my love; you have only just heard the news, and do not yet know your own mind. I said 'No' at first, until I saw you could not go on all your life giving ill-paid lessons as you are doing now. It is dreary for me too, especially when you are ill, and the winter is coming on, which will make it duller still. You know how poor I am, you would not wish to be a burden upon me when you can do so well for yourself. Besides what your love for me may influence you to do, there is Edward; you may be the means of fulfilling your father's wishes as well as his own. If Mr. Sinclair had been friendly, as I had every reason to expect, and had not turned us out of the Rectory, it would have been altogether different."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Mona, with a helpless sigh.

This was the old, unreasonable complaint to which Mrs. Moreton still clung with undiminished pertinacity.

For the first time Mona felt too dispirited to exercise her usual good sense and energy of character. She let Mrs. Moreton talk on without interrupting her, looking white, listless, and unconcerned, while all the gain that would accrue to the family was being enumerated, until her mother startled her by words of unaccustomed endearment. "My dear love, you cannot go on with these lessons, you have twice been obliged to abandon them through illness. The winter is trying; you will get colds and be laid up."

"I don't mind getting cold, I shall soon get strong again, and we shall become used to our life. Mamma, don't be afraid for me; only I cannot marry Mr. Marshall, I would rather stay with you."

"My dear, you have not yet thought enough about it; you must not refuse a good offer so impulsively."

"But if it is not good for me," answered Mona. "Please write at once to Mr. Graves, and send Emma with the note; Mr. Marshall must not be treated badly."

Having exerted herself to say so much, Mona went up to her room. She was tired with her day's work and the walk home, but the fatigue was nothing, even were it always to continue, compared to the banishment from the few pleasures remaining to her, which her mother urged so calmly. The coming home, the cheerful tea, the chat over the fire, the rest even though toil was to be renewed on the morrow—these made up her life, and she was satisfied. Mr. Marshall could not replace any one of them. Her exacting mother was far dearer than he could be; and Nita, not always patient and good, but always beloved, how could any fireside have an interest to her above that of her own? She wanted no home for herself, no carriage, no luxuries; if they could only pay their way, and her mother would love her and speak kindly, she asked for nothing more. Many lots were harder than theirs. Having ended her reflections by taking off her bonnet and smoothing her hair, Mona went down and found that Nita had returned, and was setting the tea-things in place of their little maid-of-all-work, who she informed her sister had been sent out with a letter.

"To Mr. Graves?" asked Mona; and as her

mother murmured a low affirmative, she pressed her lips upon her hand, saying, "Dear mamma, we shall all be much happier together," and was hurt to find the hand hurriedly withdrawn.

The next day brought the explanation of Mrs. Moreton's coldness, and sowed the first seeds of estrangement in her daughter's heart.

Mona returned to the cottage, her slender figure heaving with emotion, her eyes hard and without a particle of their usual sweetness, her lips white and trembling, yet firmly set; another Mona altogether, as she stood and confronted her mother, saying, "Mamma, you have deceived me. You led me to think that you had requested Mr. Graves to prevent Mr. Marshall from exposing himself to a refusal, and I find you have done the contrary. He tells me that you approve of the match, and that consequently he will not aid me in cutting off my right hand. He has presumed to lecture me on what he terms my duty to my family."

There lay Mona's hardest trial; she was expected to sacrifice herself for the general good. A deliberate conspiracy had been entered into by her elders, to persuade, urge, or cajole her into a marriage repugnant to her feelings, and this fretted her into an assertion of independence which brought about what she had made so many sacrifices to avoid—the alienation of her mother.

"I will go from home, if you wish it; I will offer myself as schoolmistress in Mr. Sinclair's school, or I will take day scholars at a penny a day, but I will not marry Mr. Marshall," said Mona, passionately.

To all this Mrs. Moreton had little to say, except that she was offended at her daughter's disrespectful manner.

Mona was surprised herself when she had time to think over all she had said; nor could she, on sober reflection, understand whence came that impetuous outburst which had swept aside in a moment her general habits of gentleness and consideration. The bitter fact, however, remained unaltered. Her mother had plotted against her with Mr. Graves, and she was now determined to act for herself. For the next two days she lived in a state of mental pain, made to feel herself in disgrace at home, yet fully resolved to exercise her own judgment. On the third day the occasion she so desired presented itself.

It was November, damp and raw, though the sun was shining in a cold, sickly way, making a pretence at giving warmth, yet unable to dispel the dreariness hanging about the shabby, weird-looking trees, where only a very few yellow-brown leaves adhered to the dingy branches. As Mona, then, taking her first walk to Thurrocks, was issuing from the Abbey Park, a drove of pigs passed along the road, and at a short distance she caught sight of the young farmer, his eyes sometimes directed towards the park, and sometimes cast downward. This was the opportunity for which she was longing—one that would enable her to take an important decision into her own hands, and settle for ever the question of her marriage with Mr. Marshall. It seemed impossible for Mr. Marshall to pass without speaking, even had he desired to do so. But that was far from his intention. Mr. Graves had given him the word of encouragement; yet, although aware that Mrs. Moreton would be happy to see him at the cottage, he wanted a word or smile from Mona before presenting himself. Seeing her there so near him, standing at the gate, her gentle face turned towards him with

a kindness more than usual, he pulled his courage together and joined her.

Beginning with things indifferent, the transition was only too easy to those nearest his heart. He spoke of his position, of his own possessions generally, all of which, after being duly enumerated and praised, were offered to Mona, with the addition of himself, with the modest wish that they were more worthy of her acceptance.

Speak kindly, tenderly as you will, a man in earnest feels desolate indeed when he has to wrench away the hope that has become the pivot on which all the joy of his life was hung. At Mona's first word, at the pained, sad expression of her face as he spoke, the colour flickered on his honest countenance; something grew tight about his chest and heart; his eyes fell; his lips were tightly compressed to keep them from trembling.

"I am sorry, very sorry, you thought of me," she said, and her sorrow was deep and genuine. "Some other might have been more grateful, and yet I thank you; I thank you very much for your preference," she repeated, softly, grieved at the sight of his mute distress.

"I ought to have known better. Will you forgive me, Miss Mona?" he said, humbly, with a wistful look.

"There is nothing to forgive; on the contrary, I have to thank you, which I do most heartily, but—"

"Don't say any more, Miss Mona; I understand. I have been too presumptuous;" and Mr. Marshall, after opening the gate to let her pass through, went his way without glancing backwards. But for the planning and prompting of Mr. Graves, the worthy fellow would never have ventured his proposal.

Mona continued her walk to the farm, anxious and unhappy. She had rejected the rare and valuable gift of an honest and devoted heart. With the tendency events have to bring about their own retribution, it was more than possible that the treasure flung away might be all she would ever know of the gentle charities of life and the comforts of a home.

As she feared, Mrs. Moreton, when informed of what had happened, was angry with her, and made her feel her displeasure by many a token of coldness and estrangement. Mona could only resign herself, but there came a strange woe into her eyes at times, when she thought no one observed her. She had hitherto been willing to put her tastes and wishes aside for the benefit of those dear to her—more than willing to help others; yet there was a passionate thirst for help also. She was so young; she wanted so much the word of affection to warm a heart that so often felt chilled and isolated.

HANSTEEN'S TRAVELS IN SIBERIA.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE increasing importance of Siberia makes us believe that the following papers, translated from the original of Professor Hansteen, of Christiana, will prove interesting. There is no greater country in the world than Siberia that is known by a single name. From east to west it as much exceeds the breadth of the Dominion of Canada as Canada does the United States; and from south to north, although its dimensions are less, it is still a vast country. Its great rivers, the Obi, Jenesei, and Lena, which mainly flow in this direction, rank amongst the most important rivers in the world. At and near the spots where these streams fall into the Arctic Ocean, they pass through country which is sparsely inhabited and scarcely habitable; but more to the south they wander through grain-producing districts, in which corn can be raised enormously in excess of the wants of the population. This corn has as yet scarcely entered the markets of Europe, and the centre of Siberia may be regarded as a vast granary, whose inexhaustible resources have barely been touched. The cost of transport by land totally prevents its corn from entering into Europe through Russia, and it is only in quite recent times that it has been considered possible to export it *via* the Arctic Ocean. This, however, is now done by steamers from northern European ports, and it is not unlikely that, before long, the advent of Siberian grain into the English markets will tend to cheapen the price of bread to our hungry multitudes.

Of late years the Swedes have been more active than any other people in the prosecution of voyages of discovery towards the North, and amongst Swedes no one has been more active than Professor Norden-

skiöld. It is now more than twenty years since he made his first voyage to Spitzbergen in company with Professor Torell, and he has subsequently conducted voyages of research and exploration to Nova Zembla, Jan Mayen, Greenland, and the coasts of Siberia. In Siberia he has successively reached the mouths of the Obi and Jenesei, and on his present and most important journey he has succeeded in doubling the most northern point of Asia, called sometimes North-East Cape, and sometimes C. Chelyuskin, and has therein accomplished that which other navigators have vainly attempted for three centuries past.* There is every prospect of his making that north-east passage to India which has been a favourite dream amongst explorers since the latter part of the sixteenth century, although up to the time of our going to press news has not arrived that he has come out of Bering's Straits. Leaving Gothenburg on July 4th, 1878, in a steam-whaler, the Vega, accompanied by a smaller steamer, the Lena, he got to the mouth of the Jenesei at the beginning of August, rounded C. Chelyuskin on August 20th, and arrived at the mouth of the River Lena on August 27th. Here the two ships parted company, the smaller one steaming up the river (after which it was named), and arriving at Yakutsk on October 16th, whilst Professor Nordenskiöld, on the Vega, continued his voyage to the east towards Behring's Straits. The news brought to Yakutsk had to be conveyed back more than a thousand miles overland before the

* On this subject we refer our readers to No. 1258 of the "Leisure Hour," in which the principal attempts to explore the northern coast-line of Asia are briefly related.

nearest telegraph station was reached at Irkutsk, and thence it was wired to Europe.

The latest tidings from the *Vega* come from the governor-general of Eastern Siberia, that the ship is icebound at about forty miles from East Cape. The authorities at Irkutsk have organised an expedition for the help or rescue of the crew, by journeys over the frozen soil and ice with reindeer and dog sledges. A steamer from the Pacific station has also proceeded by Behring's Straits to aid in freeing the ship, or, if that is impossible, to rescue the crew.

The voyages of Professor Nordenskiöld*—and especially this last one—are likely to give a great impulse to the development of trade with Siberia

ready to afford to distinguished travellers of all countries.

Among the accounts of Siberia hitherto published, none have more value than the narrative of travels by Professor Hansteen, of Christiana. No European traveller of higher name has visited these regions. Second only to his friend and contemporary in physical science, Baron Humboldt, Professor Hansteen's journey attracted at the time the interest of the *savans* of all countries. He went chiefly to study the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, and one result of his travels was the establishment of stations for magnetic observations throughout Siberia, the publication of which has brought great honour to the Russian



PROFESSOR NORDENSKIÖLD.

via the Arctic Ocean, for he has made it evident that ships can perform the journeys without an undue amount of risk. What is now wanted is to have the coasts and rivers thoroughly surveyed; and, when this is done, voyages to Siberia will probably be accomplished with the same degree of certainty and regularity as voyages to Hudson's Bay and Davis Straits. No doubt many valuable corrections and additions will be made to the Siberian coast-line by Professor Nordenskiöld, for he is an accomplished surveyor, as well as a courageous and ambitious explorer; and, should he visit this country on his return to Europe, he will certainly meet with an enthusiastic reception, such as Englishmen are ever

Government. But Professor Hansteen had his eyes wide awake during his travels, and did not confine himself to scientific observations. He had an adventurous journey, and recorded much interesting matter about Siberia and its inhabitants. Notwithstanding political and statistical changes, the main features of the country are the same. We are not aware that any report of Professor Hansteen's travels has appeared in English, and therefore give translations of such portions as seem likely to interest our readers.

Even where the statements are superseded by later narratives, the report of this shrewd traveller will be valuable for reference and comparison.

I.—FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO KAZAN.

Few persons travel to Siberia, and fewer make the journey of their own free will. Sent on a scientific mission by my Government,* I left Stockholm on

* Nordenskiöld has been more fortunate than most explorers in having the means for his explorations provided by others. From the first he has had a powerful supporter in a great merchant of Gothenburg, Mr. Dickson, who, it is said, towards the *present* voyage, has contributed no less than £12,000. The balance of the expenses has been met by the Swedish Government, by the king, and by private persons.

* The principal aim of the journey was the study of magnetism.

board the sapho on the 12th of June, and we arrived at Cronstadt on the afternoon of the 18th, when we were at once assailed by a bevy of custom-house officials, who sealed up not only our trunks with long tapes and red wax, but also the skylights, and even the partitions of the cabin. Our carpet-bags, though they contained only shirts and stockings, were securely fastened up, and we were given to understand that, on our arrival at St. Petersburg, for each seal broken we should have to pay a fine of 100 roubles.* It became necessary to apply to a German agent on the spot, who made a list of our luggage, and before this and other formalities could be got through nearly two days were consumed. We arrived at St. Petersburg in the evening, and took up our quarters in a German hotel on the Vasilji-Ostrov, one of the islands on which the capital is built.

The custom-house difficulties at Cronstadt, as well as at St. Petersburg, were such, that had I known of this preliminary annoyance of our journey, I should certainly never have undertaken it. On entering the custom-house at St. Petersburg our trunks were examined, and my books, though few in number, carried off to be sent to the censor. It was of no use to show the officials that they were only tables of logarithms, and astronomical reviews and reports, a Russian grammar, and a volume of sermons—"they must pass through the hands of the censor." They wished also to seize on my chronometers, and to place them in a coachhouse, with other effects. "Then you must shut me up with them," said I; "it is necessary for me to consult them daily;" whereupon they permitted me to take them to the hotel. During a whole week Lieutenant Due and I alternately went to the custom-house to try and obtain the release of our baggage, and each time we were dismissed with vague answers. At last I was informed that the only means of coming to a satisfactory solution was personally to address the Minister, who gave audience after four o'clock; so I decided to see him. The Russian servant at his door said he was at home, adding some words which I did not understand. I knocked and entered. I found his Excellency in conversation with a priest. Having stated the purpose of my visit, he answered me very abruptly, that the delay was my own fault: that upon my declaration that I should proceed by way of Finland he had given orders to the custom-house at Abo and at Viberg to let me pass without any detention, and that if I had only taken the route I had proposed I should then have known with what politeness I should have been treated. I replied, "One cannot command events. One must act according to circumstances. At the time I quitted Stockholm there was no vessel for Abo, but one was about to sail for St. Petersburg, and that I really had not the least idea of the disagreeable results this change of plan would entail." He still adhered to what he had just said, and, glancing at the clock, remarked, "Oh! it is not yet four o'clock;" then, turning his back, I was forced to depart. Never have I been treated so uncivilly, either before or since.

Some days passed in this annoying situation, so I decided to make a second attempt to see the Minister. I was informed that he gave audience once a week to those who had affairs to refer to him. I presented myself between nine and ten o'clock at his house, and found a crowd of unfortunates in the ante-room, some

of whom were clad in sheepskins. The Minister, in a dressing-gown, smoking a long pipe, listened to their complaints, and offered some words of consolation. I took my place in the midst of these poor creatures. My black suit, and the cross of the Polar star which I wore, attracted his attention. In approaching the place where I stood he glanced at me, and I found I was recognised. At length he addressed me, and in the politest manner said, "Why are you come at this hour, when you see I am occupied with these poor people? Why have you not chosen the usual time of audience, in the afternoon?" I answered that, "Once having inconvenienced his Excellency I had not courage to present myself again." He replied with great urbanity: "Wait a little, I have but a few words to say to that gentleman" (he pointed to a man in uniform, the only well-dressed individual in the room), "then I shall be at your disposal." He led him into his apartment, and shortly afterwards rejoined me. During that interval he had become as civil as he had been the reverse the first time he saw me. He said, "My custom-house people acted properly. They did not dare act otherwise; but now you will see how soon the affair will be settled." Writing some words on a sheet of paper, he rang, and desired the servant to take it to the custom-house. He then showed me manuscript maps of the Oural mountains, on which all the places where gold had been discovered were marked in yellow. Drawing my attention to the fact that, without exception, they were found on the eastern slope, which seemed to indicate that an immense flood in former times had deposited this heavy metal on one side of the Alpine chain, he begged me also to make known to him any cause of complaint I might remark during our journey. I left him with a light heart, and went immediately to the custom-house, where I found the little piece of written paper had worked miracles. All our effects were delivered with great politeness.*

Amongst the interesting acquaintances I made at St. Petersburg, I must name Admiral Wrangel, who had undertaken a voyage of discovery along the northern shore of Eastern Siberia and the Frozen Sea, had fixed the position of several important points, and executed a series of magnetic and meteorological observations in those countries, then for the first time visited by a *savant*. His description of the very severe cold which he had to support made me shudder when I thought of what I should probably have to endure, though I had not the intention of approaching the same high latitudes. "At such a low temperature," said he, "you can only breathe by holding a bear's skin before your face; and even protected by that, you must economise your breathing, not to expose your lungs to the influence of the air." Wrangel made over to me all his magnetic observations on the declination and inclination in these northern regions, a precious acquisition which completed those obtained later in the southern parts of Siberia.

An audience was granted me by Count Speranski, formerly Governor-General of all Siberia, which, during my stay, was divided into two governments, Western and Eastern. He gave us excellent advice for our journey, and prescribed sanitary rules for different

* The silver rouble is nominally worth about 3s. 3d., and the paper rouble is worth at the present time about 2s. 1d.

* Sometime before our arrival at St. Petersburg, our intended expedition had been communicated to all the authorities of the provinces we were about to traverse, with orders to aid and assist us. We also received open letters, destined to serve as passports wherever we might direct our steps.

seasons. He told us that the air during winter is calm, serene, and perfectly dry. For this reason, one suffers less with twenty-six or twenty-eight degrees of cold,* than at St. Petersburg with seventeen degrees. He gave us letters of recommendation, with the assurance that we should be received everywhere with open arms.

Having resolved to visit the Oural District towards the north, where Prince Demidoff was the proprietor of extensive mines, and kept up an establishment and appliances for washing gold at Nischni Tagilsk, we called on the chief of his bureau, M. Kolonoff, who gave us a letter for the administrator of the property. Being shown large pieces of platina weighing about forty pounds (Russian), and knowing that mines of silver, as well as almost every other metal, were found in the Czar's dominions, I remarked to Kolonoff that his country was certainly the richest in the Old World, and full of luxuries. Russians had learnt to make excellent champagne of Astrakan grapes; and the possession of diamonds seemed the only acquisition wanting that all the treasures of the earth should be comprised in Russian territory. "They will soon be discovered, you will see," he said; and, in fact, during the stay of Humboldt in the Oural, diamonds had been found there.

During our residence at St. Petersburg, the bargaining with boatmen and coachmen, of whom two dozen at least are posted in each street, was quite a comedy. As one walks along, one is attacked by four, five, nay, by a crowd of drivers, each offering his vehicle and his horses, each vociferating louder than his neighbour. Sometimes they cannot help laughing themselves, in the midst of a simultaneous attack on the scared passenger. The coachman demands three or four roubles; you briefly answer, "It is too much," and walk on. He follows you, and proposes a more reasonable sum; you repeat "*otschen dorogo*" (much too dear), and proceed, without turning your head. The Jehu is following at your heels, and continually diminishing his price; you state what you will give; your offer is accepted with a "*sadites*" (take your place).

Some days before our departure I bought a britscka, and engaged an Esthonian domestic, Gustav Rosenlund, who spoke several languages, as interpreter. He was to be paid 1,000 roubles for the entire journey. My party thus comprised five persons—Lieut. Due; the Norwegian servant, Nielsen; and Dr. Erman, who had his own britscka, with Gustav occupying the coach-box with the doctor's coachman. On the 11th of July we quitted St. Petersburg, happy to be at the end of all our preparations, which, with other circumstances, had retarded our journey twenty-one days.

After seeing all worthy of notice at Novgorod, we reached Saitzova, where, for the first time, we sought accommodation in a Russian peasant's house—to us a new race, with whom we were about to form acquaintance. We asked whether they would consent to receive us, when a pretty woman appeared at the window and began enumerating all the luxuries she had to offer: tea, coffee, milk, quass (a kind of light, bitter beer), bread, etc. We entered. On the ground floor the old grandparents were asleep in an alcove; the kitchen was next to our small room, and the heat was so excessive that the doctor preferred remaining

in the carriage all night. Lieut. Due took refuge in the hay-loft, and I made myself a sort of bed on some chairs. All this was but a foretaste of the discomforts we might expect as we advanced on our journey.

Next day we passed by a wretched little town, Kretzy, to change horses, and in the evening we arrived at Valdai. Geographers speak of the Valdai mountains, but we could perceive only hillocks of sand, scarcely the height of the so-called Himmelberg, of Jutland; the country now became woody and picturesque. At our departure we were surrounded by a bevy of young girls, each carrying circles of biscuits (called *barzschki*), threaded on a cord, which they swung to and fro in the air, trying with their customary eloquence and engaging looks to induce us to purchase some. One could not refuse them the requital of a few kopecks for their offering.

Presently we passed Tver, situated near the Volga, which had a bright and pleasant look from the slanting rays of the setting sun shining on its numerous gilt cupolas; and thence we proceeded to Moscow. The churches, convents, and mosques of this city give it an Asiatic appearance. A stranger from the West of Europe cannot help being struck with the singular form of its cupolas and towers. The houses have a gay aspect—pale yellow seems the favourite colour—added to which white columns, and almost flat roofs, covered with plates of iron painted a bright green, present themselves to view. Of course we paid a visit to the Kremlin. Above the door an image of the Virgin is placed. Every person entering the fortress is obliged to take off his hat when approaching it, and to pass under the archway bare-headed; if he do not the sentries send him back. We did all that was required of us; but our servant, Nielsen, considered it idolatry, and would not follow our example, and therefore had to remain outside. It is related as a miracle, that when Napoleon, in 1812, blew up a part of the ramparts, the half of the door only was shattered, whilst the upper part of the arch, bearing the image of the Virgin, remained intact.

We left Moscow on the 29th, and for the next days we made only short journeys, on detestable roads. On the 31st we had driven three versts when we were overtaken by a violent storm; the horses stopped all at once, turning their heads the contrary side to that whence the wind blew; the peasant coachmen murmured prayers and made the sign of the cross during its continuance; but when the thunder ceased they sang their songs gaily, and whilst we took our breakfast in our carriages, received a portion of brandy.

The country, as we advanced, appeared more cultivated; it was no longer an everlasting desert of sand, with marshy ground for variety. On the 1st we passed Vladimir, and in the evening arrived at the small town of Sudogda.

The 2nd of August we reached Muron, founded by the Mordvine Tartars, who still frequently visit it, and on that account it interested us much. It has a fine position near the Oka, which at this spot is half a verst wide, and at the period of floods extends over twenty versts. The buildings on its banks presented a Tartar appearance, on account of the strange Chinese ships' masts interspersed here and there. The route hence to Nijni Novgorod follows the banks of the Oka, and offers many pretty views. On the 4th, towards the evening, we reached the village of Doskino, and were lodged at a priest's house.

* In Russia, and the other northern countries of Europe, the scale of Fahrenheit is generally used, in which 0 represents freezing point, and 80 deg. the boiling point.

The courtyard and the lower part of the building resembled a stable rather than the abode of a Christian. To arrive at the floor above, we had to mount up a sort of roosting-ladder, after which we found two rooms, one of which was not so bad. I chose the other to take rest in, but it was next to a larder, filled with all kinds of strong-smelling Russian eatables; that, and numberless insects, prevented my sleeping on the mattress which I had spread on four chairs against the wall.

On the 5th August we entered Nijni Novgorod. The town is composed of two parts; the ancient part is situated on an elevated plain, by which you penetrate into the interior; and the new town, in which the great fair is held, is on the borders of the river.



RUSSIAN PEASANT, WITH SAMOVAR.

The two parts are separated by old walls and fortifications, which give one the idea of its having been constructed in the time of the Strelitzes. We fortunately happened to arrive just as the annual fair was being held; and it certainly presented a very imposing appearance. For several days we had been passing caravans of fifty or even more carriages, drawn by oxen, and driven by Buchares, Morduines, Tartars, and Armenians, arriving from the environs of the Black and Caspian Seas. They must have travelled some thousands of versts. When, in the evening, we had to traverse a forest, it was a curious sight to behold some of the caravans encamped on its outskirts, at the extremity of a plain, with a rampart formed of about one hundred carriages, and the cattle turned adrift to browse or lie down. Around the fires one had leisure to study and to admire these half-savage beings. Some looked fierce and wild—some haughty and majestic; all

were rejoicing to find themselves near Novgorod, after a journey lasting four months.

On the market-place we beheld thousands of stalls ornamented in variety of colours; and amongst the traders were Armenians, Chinese, and merchants from all parts of Asia. Common huts contained rich Siberian furs, hides from Bokhara and the Great Steppes. The chief merchants from Asia were expected only in the following weeks, so that we lost some of the most interesting sights.

It is almost incalculable what vast quantities of merchandise, from all parts of the world, are collected together at this fair, which offers strange contrasts—Parisian fashions by the side of Siberian leather, and buffalo hides from the Northern Steppes; scientific instruments and Nuremburg toys; Chinese curiosities, carpets, magnificent silks, Persian dressing-gowns and head-dresses, embroidered in gold; rich stuffs from Armenia, placed side by side with tallow and soap from the plains of Russia; not omitting numerous shops for the sale of images.

After having bid our kind friends adieu, we quitted Novgorod on the 9th August, passed the day amidst fine scenery, and arrived in the evening at a miserable hole, where we could find nothing, not even hot water, so that we were obliged to prepare a beef-steak in a cooking apparatus brought from Christiania. The night was dreadful. We were too much disturbed by flies and insects to enjoy sleep. On the next day we arrived at a district inhabited by Tschermishes, a people professedly converted to Christianity in the time of Catherine II, but at heart remaining as much pagan as before. These people, said a postmaster to me, only present themselves in church three times—to be baptized, to be married, and at an inter-



RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL.

ment. Excepting attending at these ceremonies, they continue to sacrifice to their own gods, of whom the most homage is paid to the evil spirit Kramati, who

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is supposed to dwell in a forest. To him they sacrifice young colts, lambs, and other animals, for their divinity requires blood. These sacrifices take place in an inclosed plain, surrounded by trees, having three entrances—the west for those who sacrifice, one towards the east for the victims, and the third, to the south, for the water-bearers. This inclosure bears the name of their deity, and its entrance is interdicted to women. Friday is the day they set apart for taking a bath, preparatory to approaching it. All work is then suspended. The oblations to the good spirit are flowers, offered out in the open fields. These people have the appearance of being good and honest, and are distinguished from the other villagers by having a darker skin and glossy black hair. They speak a dialect somewhat resembling the Finnish. God in their language is called "Juma;" in Finnish, "Jumal." They are clad in a long caftan of coarse cloth, descending to the very ground, a scarf round their loins, and cloth trousers underneath, like the Russians. The women are distinguished from the men only by a thick plait of jet-black hair floating over their shoulders, and their complexion is even darker than that of the men. Cleanliness is not especially regarded by them.

We now crossed the Volga. A caravan of many hundred Tartars, proceeding with their waggons and merchandise to the fair of Novgorod, were encamped on both sides of it. At length we approached Kazan, and were in Tartar territory. Tartars had reigned formerly as a powerful and independent nation throughout all the government of Kazan; but after having been conquered in 1522 by the emperor, they had sunk into an abject state of subjection. Due, one day, took a drive, with a Tartar chief for his coachman. The city, with its environs, has a pretty appearance. The Volga, and the small River Kazanka, flow within its walls; a lake, also, and a canal contribute to embellish it.

Amongst other places we were shown the prison (ostrog), surrounded by palisades, where those who are condemned to exile in Siberia pass the night before proceeding on their sad pilgrimage. Every year about 4,000 of these unfortunate beings (of whom about 2,000 are generally ill and worn out upon their arrival at Kazan) are attended in the hospital. They walk, weary and footsore, about thirty versts per day, dragging their heavy chains along. Throughout the route ostrogs have been built, where these unhappy prisoners are guarded at night. They arrive at their place of destination after a journey of a year and a half; two-thirds generally die on the road. The condemned are of both sexes. We went also to see the citadel, founded by Tartars. Its walls and a large palace still exist—ruins of the very highest historic interest. The Tartars are a fine race, of middle height, with round faces, lively eyes, and robust frame. They wear a caftan, with a band round their waists; their heads are shaved and covered with a coloured cap.

To facilitate our journey, Prince Davidoff, Director-General of Posts, gave us for postilion an old soldier in green uniform, with sabre, pistol, and cartouch-box attached to his side. He was to accompany us to Tobolsk, to serve us as a domestic at each station where we might make a longer halt than usual; to get us horses in the twinkling of an eye; to urge the jâmschtschiks (peasant drivers) if they did not drive fast enough, which is seldom the case in the Russian

empire; in fact, to attend to us in every way. Arrived at Tobolsk, he was to take back the post-carriage to Kazan without costing us a rouble, after making 1,500 versts; and all this in order to be agreeable to us. We were told that if we gave the old man a present of twenty roubles for the little excursion he would be enchanted. If he received nothing he would appear equally satisfied. The prince



A DVORNİK, OR LICENSED PORTER.

added, "It will cost you absolutely nothing." Such a postilion produces more effect during a journey than open letters. He is a living evidence of the protection of the Director-General of Posts.

The fertility of the environs of Kazan is attributed to the inundations of the Volga, which are as regular as those of the Nile, and for five or six weeks transform these districts for a distance of two geographical miles into an uninterrupted sea. This overflowing of the Volga, and the other large rivers—the Viatka, Kama, Kinel, and Irgis—leaves the ground covered with thick slime or mud, which contributes to the growth of vegetation. Whilst the inundation continues, two-masted vessels, carrying from six to ten small guns, convey as many as a hundred passengers across plains and valleys to adjacent towns situated on the heights. In the lowest parts, when the river returns to its bed, marshes of stagnant water remain, which in the hot months of July and August produce intermittent fever of three or four months' duration; contradistinguished from our fevers in the North, inasmuch as the patient feels no sensation of cold, but excessive pain in the spinal region, followed by extreme heat in the limbs, with irregular pulse. The common people superstitiously believe that a malignant female evil spirit, called Lichorotka, causes this disease.

AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

III.

IN the last paper I had occasion to name much that was purely legendary in the way of automaton. We now approach a period when the accounts of their performances are not so liable to be overlaid byrodomontade, though the epoch we enter makes a fair start in that direction with the "puff" of a conjurer, Penetti, who exhibited a life-size rope-dancer in England about 1785. We know nothing of this figure beyond the modest man's own account of it in his advertisement, which out-Barnums Barnum. It runs:—

"The new, truly most superb, majestic, amazing, and also seemingly incredible grand spectacle of the

VENETIAN BEAUTIFUL FAIR,

which mechanical figure being attired in character, and holding the balance in hands, dances and exhibits upon the tight-rope with unparalleled dexterity and agility, and in a manner far superior to any exhibited by the most capital professors, all the most difficult and prodigious feats of activity, leaps, attitudes, equilibriums, antics, etc., etc."

Even without the etceteras here was surely enough to render Penetti's *Venetian Beautiful Fair* celebrated through all time, but, strange to say, only the professor's wondrous wealth of adjectives remains to tell the story of his handiwork.

Of M. Le Droz, the elder, I have already written. The younger of that name, born at Geneva in 1752, was the inventor of the piping bullfinch, which he exhibited at the Vatican, before the pope and the cardinals. It was contained in an oval, gold snuff-box, four and a half inches long by three broad, and one and a half inches thick. The box had a horizontal partition; in the lower compartment was the snuff, in the upper the bird, three-quarters of an inch long from its beak to the extremity of the tail. When the lid was raised (just as "when the pie was opened," in the nursery rhyme), "the bird began to sing," and, with the sheen of its green enamelled gold, its bill of white enamelled ditto, the sly waggery of its tail, and its clear and ringing melody, it was surely a snuff-box to set before a king, and one he might not despise—at a pinch.

Le Droz also made a figure which played upon a harpsichord. This he introduced to the Parisian public in 1774, but it was not a success, though it seems to have been a more genuine effort to obtain the music by mechanical means than was that of M. Raisin, an organist of Troyes, who, about the year 1700, exhibited an "Automaton Harpsichord" before the French court. The king, being endowed with the passion that proved so fatal to some of Blue Beard's wives, insisted upon a strict examination of the mechanism, when a clever little musician of some six years of age was found concealed within the instrument.

M. Le Droz, junior, as I have mentioned in my first paper, constructed a clever drawing and writing automaton. This was the life-size figure of a man holding a metal style in his right hand, beneath which a piece of Dutch vellum was placed. Mr. Collinson's well-known description of this ingenious

creation runs: "Mr. Droz happening once to be sent for in a great hurry to wait upon some considerable personage at the west-end of the town, left me in possession of the keys which opened the recesses of all his machinery. He opened the drawing-master himself, wound it up, explained its leading parts, and taught me how to make it obey my requirements as it obeyed his own. Mr. Droz then went away. After the first card was finished the figure rested. I put a second, and so on, to five cards, all different subjects, but five or six was the extent of its delineating powers. The first card contained, I may truly say, elegant portraits and likenesses of the king and queen, facing each other, and it was curious to observe with what precision the figure lifted up his pencil, in the transition of it from one point of the draft to another, without making the least slur whatever; for instance, in passing from the forehead to the eye, nose, and chin; or from the waving curls of the hair to the ear, etc."

Early in the present century M. Maillardet, a Swiss mechanician, introduced several automaton to the English public in Spring Gardens. One was a female figure, seated at a pianoforte, which played eighteen airs, and gave itself numerous additional ones. Its "bosom heaved with many a sigh;" it "made eyes" at the spectators, and at the conclusion of each piece gently inclined its head in recognition of their applause. Imitations of this mechanical figure are by no means rare now; their interior economy is similar to that of ordinary street organs, projections on the barrel coming in contact with levers attached to the fingers, which in turn press the keys of the instrument.

Maillardet's most beautiful achievement was his famous humming-bird, enclosed in an oval box three inches long. When a spring was released the lid flew open, and a tiny warbler rose, fluttered its wings, and sang for some four minutes; then it darted back to its nest, and the lid closed. In this minute piece of mechanism only one tube was used, and the musical sounds were varied by the shortening or lengthening of a piston. Maillardet also made an automaton tumbler, a few inches high only, but progenitor of all mechanical *Leotards* ever since. The apparatus to which the figure was attached was fixed to the top of a musical-box, and within the rod grasped by the tumbler levers were brought to bear upon the figure, and set in motion by the action of the barrel. But a much more ambitious and elaborate effort of this copyist of Le Droz, the younger, was Maillardet's drawing boy. This was a kneeling figure; and when a pen, dipped in ink, was placed in its hand and drawing-paper stretched over a brass tablet in front, it wrote four sentences in French and English, and drew three sketches—always the same, occupying about one hour in their execution. This machine, like its counterpart, the drawing-master of Le Droz, was actuated by clockwork, and the outlines effected by combinations of levers and ellipses traversing the circumference of metal plates.

The only original creation of Maillardet's was his

ingenious magician. This was a figure, seated by a wall, with a wand in one hand and a book in the other. Upon a number of brass elliptical medallions questions were engraved, and any one of these being placed in a drawer, the soothsayer rose, raised his wand, and struck the folding doors above his head, which straightway flew open and displayed an answer. Thus, to the interrogation, "What is it that last deserts mankind?" the reply was, "Hope;" and to "What is the most universal passion?" the obvious answer "Love" was received. This curious effect was obtained by aid of the medallions, which, though apparently alike, differed from each other in a minute particular. There were indentations round the medallions, but one of these, filled up, pressed upon a pin, which caused clock-work to raise the pre-arranged answer.

Mr. W. Snoxell, of Charterhouse Square, whose collection of mechanical curiosities is quite unique, has a clock upon a similar principle. In this the magician rises from his chair when the visitor places a tablet with a question upon it in a drawer at the base of the clock. The wise man shakes his head sagely, consults his book, and waves his tiny wand; whereupon two cherubs rise, disclosing an appropriate answer. After the lapse of a moment or two they fall back into the original position, and are ready to give a reply to the next question. These answers are quite as pithy as Maillardet's, and the ideas a little more advanced. When we ask, "What is the real balance of power?" we do not receive a solution of the old-standing Eastern difficulty, but a reply pregnant with meaning, in "A balance at your banker's." The answers also become amusing and cynical in turns, as in reply to "How to print, and not publish," we receive the hint, "Kiss, and don't tell;" and to "What is half the world doing?" the shocking rejoinder, "Cheating the other half." Such a clock may well beguile the hours it records of tediousness. In Mr. Snoxell's collection there are also two female figures, somewhat after the model of Maillardet's pianoforte-player. One, life-size, in Spanish costume, plays upon an organ, the fingers pressing the keyboard of the instrument, and the head and eyes moving; the other, of smaller stature, but alike in all respects save height and attire. Mr. Snoxell's museum is also adorned by his own original automatic organ-grinder, which plays a number of airs. This figure is as much above its living Italian compeer in the matter of dress as of music, and, sniffing a nosegay, is surely the *crème-de-la-crème* of itinerant musicians.

In the year 1845 Mr. John Clark, of Bridgewater, constructed a machine which puts Babbage's calculator quite in the shade. This was "A Latin Versifier," and is thus described by the ingenious and ingenious Mr. Clark himself: "The machine contains letters in alphabetical arrangement. Out of these, through the medium of numbers, rendered tangible by being expressed by indentures on wheel-work, the instrument selects such as are requisite to form the verse conceived, the components of words suited to form hexameters being alone previously calculated, the harmonious combination of which will be found to be practically interminable." Can this be the origin of all the machine-made verse we too often have inflicted upon us?

About the same year that this novel attempt at versification dawned upon mankind, a French conjurer of Alais, near Nismes, named Philippe Talon,

came to London with a miniature harlequin, which jumped out of a box, whistled in time with the orchestra, smoked a pipe, and blew out a candle, besides going through a variety of amusing antics. Philippe—the "professional name" adopted by the wizard—had also two dolls, which brought from a toy confectioner's cakes, wines, etc., as requested by the audience.

Jean Eugène Robert, better known as Robert-Houdin, a contemporary of Talon, was a versatile genius, and can still be remembered by many who are not yet exactly of the old school. Remarkably successful as a conjurer, he also displayed talent in mechanical invention. In his autobiography, he mentions that his attention was first called to the subject of automata by a clever bit of work, by some unknown artist, which was brought to his father (a watchmaker at Blois) to repair. This, he says, was "a snuff-box, on the top of which a small piece of mechanism attracted my entire attention. The top of the box represented a landscape. On pressing a spring a hare made its appearance, and went towards a tuft of grass, which it began to crop; soon after a sportsman emerged from a thicket, accompanied by a pointer. The miniature Nimrod stopped at the sight of the game, shouldered his gun, and fired; a noise indicative of the explosion of the firearm was heard, and the hare, apparently wounded, disappeared in the thicket, pursued by the dog." There is, doubtless a vein of romance in all this, as there is in everything Houdin wrote; but it must have been a pretty toy and one likely to arrest the attention of the young mechanician.

Houdin subsequently purchased a performing harlequin—such as Philippe afterwards introduced to the English public—from a Dutch artist named Opré, and it will be seen that he availed himself of the knowledge gained in the dissection of these "subjects" to construct automatons of his own much after their models.

Houdin's ability to cure the ills that automatic machinery is heir to let him into many secrets. Thus, as we have seen, he repaired Vaucanson's duck, and so exploded the "digestion by solution" theory; and he also rehabilitated the Prussian Koppen's compoium, a mechanical orchestra, first exhibited at Paris in 1829. This played a selection of operatic overtures with great precision. It was always asserted that the machine could *improviso* melodies, and that it was incapable of repeating itself; and there were, doubtless, charming variations even if improvisation was absent. Houdin, setting his fingers and his wits to work upon his own account, soon completed a pastrycook's establishment, where figures were seen rolling out the paste, or setting it in the oven, and from which a toy man—a most courteous assistant—brought various cakes for the spectators. Likewise—on the lines of Opré's harlequin—he constructed two small androids, and gave to them the names of the well-known clowns of the cirque in the Champs Elysées, Auriol and De Bureau. The first named of these seems to have been the most accomplished and agile performer, as he smoked a pipe, led the orchestra upon a flageolet, and went through a series of acrobatic feats upon a chair, which his brother automaton merryman, De Bureau, held in the air for him.

Houdin also contrived a small flour-mill, which, when the sails were in full swing, would change

their direction—going in the teeth of the wind like the phantom ship of Vanderdecken—at the command of the audience. This seemed remarkable, as the mill was apparently too small to contain any human being to direct the movements, but the fact was that Houdin's little boy, carefully stowed away, was the jolly miller who set the sails.

Undoubtedly the most perfect of Houdin's creations was his nightingale. This flapped its wings, and leaped from branch to branch before the gushing melody for which the bird is noted broke forth. He found, he says, the most striking musical phrases by which the nightingale composes its melody to be *tiou-tiou-tiou, ut-ut-ut-ut-ut, tchitchou, tchitchou, tchit-tchit, r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ouit*, etc. He analysed the strange sounds, the numberless chirps, the impossible *r-r-r-r-r-ouits*, and recomposed them by a musical process. To imitate the flexibility of throat, and the bird's harmonious modulations, he had a copper tube, about the size and length of an ordinary quill, with a steel piston moving freely within it. Clock-work set the bellows in motion, and opened or closed the valve to produce twittering, modulation, or sliding notes; and it likewise guided the piston according to the speed and depth required.

Houdin also produced a writing and drawing automaton which he showed, with other of his work, at the Paris Exposition of 1844. This gained him a silver medal, of which he was very proud, and it attracted the attention of Louis Philippe, another distinction he greatly prized. The figure indited some six short sentences, and drew a few pictures. In answer to the question, "What may be volatile without a crime?" it wrote, "A butterfly;" and as a reply to "What is the emblem of fidelity?" it drew a greyhound.

A trapeze performer; an orange-tree, upon which flowers blossomed and fruit grew at the command of the audience; and an electrical dial (apparently nothing but a sheet of glass with figures painted upon it), the hands of which pointed to any hour requested, whereupon the number was struck upon a crystal bell: these complete the record of Houdin's principal achievements.

THE BRITISH FARMER THEN AND NOW,

WITH OTHER CONTRASTS OF THE PRESENT
AND THE PAST.

IT is a very startling fact that although France and England, at the end of the last and beginning of the present century, did their best to ruin and destroy each other, they came—both of them—out of the struggle greatly richer and stronger than when they went in. The death grapple energised them, called forth all their latent resources, summoned them out of the slough of many lazy abuses, and nerved them to exertion in peaceful industry as well as in "horrid war." It was an illustration of how good may be educed from evil, and how God makes the wrath of man to praise Him.

The effect of those thirty years of waste, debt, and slaughter upon the farming interests was especially noteworthy. When every merchant ship required a frigate or ship of the line as a convoy—was, indeed, prohibited from sailing without an armed protector—it may be imagined there was small opportunity for

the importation of cargoes of grain. In fact, the agriculture of Europe and America was so far behind, that occasionally our limited consumption of bread-stuffs enabled us to spare some for our neighbours, and there actually at one time existed a bounty on exportation. But, as a rule, hostile fleets made the great highway of nations a *mare clausum* for us, and we were face to face with the necessity of feeding ourselves. Millions of acres were called into cultivation. Prior to the war rent was so low that a young Scotch squire in West Lothian, who had taken a fancy to his tenant's horse, demised to him the fee simple of his farm in exchange for it, and the tenant's wife asked her husband how he came to part with the mare, when she could always pay the rent "with the hen and the birds."

Enclosure Acts everywhere multiplied; and, notwithstanding all that may with some justice be said about robbing the poor of their commons, what belongs to everybody is of little value to anybody. "Make a man," said Arthur Young, "tenant at will of Paradise, and he will leave it a desert; give him the freehold of a barren rock, and he will convert it into a fruitful Eden." The private appropriation of public wastes has been greatly to the advantage of society, and created a profitable demand for labour that has in wages more than amply compensated the dispossessed squatters of the commons.

As the war went on, and the price of grain rose, men who had leases rapidly made fortunes. Farms formerly let at 10s. per acre were, when the tack, or lease, came to be renewed, readily re-taken at £3 10s., and one which at this day yields the latter sum, was once profitably held for nineteen years at £1,000 for a hundred acres, used purely for the growing of cereals. Mr. George Brodie, the Historiographer Royal of Scotland, inherited from his father a long lease in East Lothian, which the landlord bought back from him at the price of £30,000. Many tenants became far wealthier than their landlords; kept their carriages, hunters, and open house. Wheat several times touched £6 per quarter, and once reached, in January, 1801, the enormous figure of £9.

In the county of Middlesex growers of peas again and again sent to market produce for which they received as much in one season as the fee simple of the land on which the crop was raised. The quarter loaf rose to 1s. 10d. Bread became so dear and scarce that the Sovereign showed an example in the royal household of the economical use of it; and hair-powder was saved from the head that it might be spared for the mouth. Decent people above the rank of labourers sometimes silently pined in slow starvation. Meal mobs were chronic in Scotland. Bread riots occurred in England. Bad seasons so reduced the quality of the flour, that loaves, utterly uneatable, were thrown at the baker's head, and stuck on the wall behind the counter.

The Red Lion Inn, of Brentford, was built by bricklayers who received just 2s. 6d. a day, and laid from 800 to 1,000 bricks (or nearly double the present average) for that wage. Their labourers put up with 1s. 3d. a day. Farmers' men were paid from 7s. 6d. to 9s. per week when the loaf was currently 10d. or 1s. Animal food was entirely out of the question—except occasionally a rasher of bacon—for the unskilled labourer.

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this is made the excuse for spending at a higher rate, and for pleading that an income of £700 or £800 is required to maintain the same scale of living for which £500 formerly sufficed. No idea can be more unfounded. Bread is untaxed, and could be sold at a living profit to the man who earns 6s. a day at half the price formerly paid by his predecessor, who, for more skilled work, was paid 2s. 6d. Better tea is sold at 2s. than at the beginning of the century cost 7s. Coffee was 2s. 6d. that is excelled in quality by that at a present price of 1s. 6d. Sanded sugar was 10d.; pure sugar is now 4d. Salt, that is now free, paid a duty of 20s. per bushel! The daily newspaper, about a fourth of the present size, and an eighth—if that can be measured—of the current quality, cost 7d., while each advertisement was taxed 2s. 6d. A better hat is now worn at 12s. than was formerly supplied at 25s. Literature, periodical and standard, once so expensive, is now so cheap that it costs less to buy a new copy of a book or pamphlet, than to bind the old. The aged can remember when the Waverley Novel cost 31s. 6d., and was hired out to read at 1s. per volume for twelve hours. It is now retailed, with all the notes, at 3d. Let "the girl of the period" ask her grandmother what, sixty years ago, straw hats "came to." At a Queen's Assembly, the best-dressed lady appeared in a cotton print that a hop-picker now would scorn to wear on Sunday. Leather was taxed, and we have the benefit of the remission in boots and shoes, of far better make, at a lower figure. All articles of clothing—even of ornament—are made greatly more accessible to every purse. Soap was taxed, bricks, tiles, slates, timber, glass. Wine is little more than half its former price. In fact, with the exception of beef, mutton, butter, and cheese, the whole cost of living is, *ceteris paribus*—that is, in reference to the same necessary commodities—very much less in the year 1878 than it was in 1801.

Still more extraordinary is the contrast of the means of living. The carpenter or plumber at, say, Greenwich Hospital, this year, would strike at the offer of less than 36s. per week. In 1800 his predecessor had 18s. for eight hours longer service, when the wheat that now averages 39s. 4d. stood at 110s. 5d. In the earlier years of the century, when wages were moderate and prices high, 3,855,810 acres were reclaimed and enclosed, while the number of male adults employed in the cultivation of the soil has, since the days of the sliding scale, decreased not only relatively to the whole population, but absolutely, by 138,616. The discovery of the powers of steam and machinery, the railroad and the telegraph, the introduction of the principles of joint-stock association and limited liability into commercial affairs, the great extension of banks, the opening up of mines of coal and iron, demanded by the rapid substitution of iron for timber, and steam for sails, in navigation, as also by the quantity of metal required for rails,—these agencies have given such a stimulus to commerce and manufactures as to have drawn away the rural population to the higher-paid skill and industry of the towns, to have relatively discouraged the application of capital to the soil, and to have so reduced the prices of farming produce in the home market as to have very seriously dissipated the capital of the tenantry, and to have thrown a large portion of the land on the owners' hands. In the metropolitan county the wages of farm labourers have, within thirty years, risen from an average of 12s. to 16s. per week, and

of female field-hands from 10d. to 1s. 6d. per day. In each case the hours of work and its efficiency have decreased as the price has risen. It is satisfactory to couple with that fact the consideration that pauperism seems to have steadily diminished—the total of all classes relieved in 1877 being fewer by 206,000 than in 1849, in the face of a large increase in the general population. It would be still more satisfactory to reflect that, as the cost of food during these years has materially fallen, the union charges had also diminished. That they have increased by £335,001 only shows that a due admixture of liberality with economy extends to every department of the public service.

The comparison of the present with the past would be very incomplete were it to stop here. Mr. Tierney, in denouncing Mr. Pitt for his enormous extension of taxation, declared with a sneer he had put a duty on everything but shoe-buckles. The heaven-born minister coolly thanked the honourable gentleman for his suggestion, and straightway included shoe-buckles in his tariff. As has been explained, at the very time wages were so low, and the necessities of life so dear, the very sources of the employment of labour were heavily burdened. The raw material that skilled industry was to work up was exorbitantly taxed. Wool of all kinds, leather, all the materials of building, horses, carts, free navigation, everything upon which labour could be employed to profit, had its titling for the tax-gatherer, while prohibitory duties greatly enhanced the prices of the primary necessities of life. It is a fact, startling as the consideration of it is, and grateful to every right-hearted Englishman, that in these islands, at this moment, a labouring man may live in substantial comfort without paying one farthing to the treasury. He is exempt from the income or any capitation tax. Bread, beef, mutton, pork, cheese, butter, sugar, all are free. Tea, coffee, and cocoa have little more than a nominal duty, and it is strictly true that there are many families in these islands, amply clothed from head to foot, comfortably housed, fully, wholesomely, and nutritiously fed, who are entirely exempted from taxation. "I can," says honest Jack Sillett, of Kelsale, "hardly express in terms sufficiently strong the pleasure I feel in subsisting on all the necessities of life, manufactured, as it were, by my own hands, pure, fresh, and free from adulteration. I am proud to say I am in possession of abundance of all the good living that any rational man ought to wish for; I have all the bread, meat, vegetables, milk, butter, etc., that I can desire. As regards drink, I adhere to the golden rules of an eminent physician who says, 'Happy is the man who makes salt his sauce, and water his drink.' I thought if I could see the time when I should be enabled to produce my own food and be content with Adam's pure ale, what a considerable sum I should save in taxes in the year! I have lived to accomplish my purpose to the fullest extent that I can desire."

These facts and figures are pregnant with instruction. The whole progress of society, the entire drift of legislation, our fiscal system from beginning to end, are in the direction of the relief, the comfort, the elevation of the masses. The taxes on knowledge have been entirely removed to their especial profit, and society burdens itself to teach their children. The Bible, that once cost the rich man £500, and had to be chained in the cathedral, the poorest may buy for eightpence. For a halfpenny the "Echo" will

inform him as accurately of the world's affairs as the Prime Minister. The sovereign, at an enormous cost and no small risk, besides tedious delay, formerly travelled along a highway, out of the ruts in which royalty could not always raise its lumbering coach. The Queen's meanest subject now, at a penny a mile, rolls along in far greater comfort, and at five times the speed, while her Majesty must be fain to use the same conveyance. If the peasant would emigrate he may step ashore in New York not in ninety days, as formerly, but in nine! If he would move from where employment is slack or underpaid to where there is a demand for hands at a higher rate, cheapness and speed are at his service. He may be signalled by the telegraph for a shilling or the post for a halfpenny. The postage of a single sheet from London to Edinburgh was formerly 1s. 1½d. The smallest enclosure doubled the charge, and a parcel of a few ounces weight was taxed 4s. 6d. The lady whose parting words to her betrothed were—

"My dear, when you write,
Be sure to pay the post,"

had only too good reason for her injunction.

It is a phrase often in the mouth of the speculative thinker that progress so rapid is dawning on the world as to suggest the anxious wish he could live to see the wonders that are to come. But that portion of human history embraced within living memory is really unequalled by any similar previous interval, or likely to be excelled in any succeeding cycle of similar duration. The sign of the Pack Horse yet lingers on many a village inn post, which indicates that within the span of persons yet alive roads were so bad that woollen and cotton material and manufactures had to be carried to and fro on the backs of horses. The time is not so very remote since the kitchen fire had every winter morning to be painfully relumed by flint, steel, and tinder, the first lucifer-match making cook and bumpkin stare. Gas! How comparatively recently has the glimmering train-oil lamp been superseded by its blaze, driving the highwaymen from Blackheath and pads from the Strand. There are men alive now who daily at their business in the City arranged to meet at the Talbot, in the Borough, in the evening, to proceed to Wandsworth in a body for mutual protection against foot-pads. Just think of it! Gaol fever unheard of—even debtors' prisons a thing of the past. Think of it! Gutter children ignored by all till they were old enough to be hanged, now sent to ragged schools, or restored to society, "clothed and in their right mind," through the beneficence of the reformatory. Think of it yet again! Ten thousand miles away the tidal wave sweeps whole regions into its all devouring flood, the inexorable sun parches up the thirsty soil of whole continents, and millions, slowly starving, sink to earth or become cannibals, when at last athwart these eighteen centuries the small, still voice of the Great Teacher whispers to us, and the Spirit of Christ gathers from the cold and calculating temperament of this northern people the munificent tribute which has called upon us the blessings of those ready to perish in India, and even where no selfish considerations could suggest a motive to our charity, the large-souled thoughtfulness which sent relief to China. Of the world centuries ago, Galileo said, "It does move, notwithstanding." In how much truer and higher a sense can mankind say that now?

With the necessities of life so dear, trade so depressed, taxation so burdensome, and wages so low during the earlier years of the century, the present generation are puzzled to think how the labouring people could subsist. But they did, and fought Trafalgar, Talavera, Waterloo for us; and by the peaceful triumphs of commerce and emigration, still more than by deeds of warlike valour, conquered an empire on which the sun never sets.

The huge waste of one hundred and sixty-three millions on drink and tobacco is more than "a mote to trouble the mind's eye." It is true "the schoolmaster is abroad." True also in our time the middle and higher classes have outlived the time when it was a disgrace to a host to let his guests go home sober. Who knows but the age and the people that have achieved so much may awaken "some fine morning" and discover that four years of the reign of Sir Wilfrid Lawson would pay the National Debt. That would indeed be the crowning social achievement of the century!

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

HAPPY PAIRS.

BUFFON, in his works, tells us not only how beautiful are the birds in their varied and elegant plumage, but how beautiful also are many of them in their affectionate ways. Some, he says, never forsake each other, but live as loving partners all the days of their little lives; and he admiringly points out the friendly help which they give to each other. He quotes an observation of the Abbé de la Pluche, another eminent naturalist, who recorded of some goldfinches which he reared, that when he had furnished them with only hay for the structure of their nest the little pair were obliged to have recourse to invention for assistance in their work, ordinary supplies of proper material failing them. The hen, for want of raw silk, or cotton, or other soft substance, found out an experiment which surprised him. "She began to unplume the breast of her spouse without the least opposition from him, and she afterwards lined her little apartment very artificially with the down."

In the case of most birds it is seen that in the charge of the nest and eggs the hen "submits to every restraint, renounces all pleasure, and continues sometimes more than twenty days inseparable from her brood, and that with a tenderness so extraordinary as makes her even neglect the call of appetite."

Nothing can exceed the patience of birds at this period. "Neither the demands of hunger nor the near approach of danger" can in some instances drive them from the nest.

Frequently, as in the case of domestic fowls, they are "very fat at the beginning of incubation, yet before its end are generally wasted to skin and bone." Very often the male bird takes his part, sharing and alleviating his companion's fatigue. "He brings food to his faithful mate, repeats his journeys without intermission, and waits on her with the collation ready prepared in his bill. His services are accompanied with the politest behaviour; and if ever he discontinues his assiduity, it is to entertain her with his warbling. He acts with so much fire and alacrity, and assumes so many graces, that

it is difficult to know whether the painful perseverance of the little mother, or the officious inquietude of her spouse, are most to be admired; often when she is tired he takes her place and patiently continues upon the nest until her return."

A curious instance of kind attention is also related of the "Bearded Titmouse," a pretty little bird, not quite so large as the ordinary "Tomtit." The hen is more beautiful than the cock, but is smaller and has no beard. She is of a more yellowish brown. The cock is said to be so extremely fond of her that all the night whilst at roost he covers her with his wing.

Cowper, in his well-known verses, "The Bird's Nest," describes how a chaffinch at Greenock built and laid four eggs in the block on a vessel's mast bound for Glasgow, and how the birds, on the sailing of the ship, did not forsake each other. Though the block and pulley were occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the hen never deserted her charge nor descended from her place, except when she visited the hull for food.

"In Scotland's realm, where trees are few,
Nor even shrubs abound,
But where, however bleak the view,
Some better things are found,—

For husband there and wife may boast
Their union undefiled,
And false ones are as rare almost
As hedgerows in the wild,—

In Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,
The history chanced of late,
This history of a wedded pair,
A chaffinch and his mate.

A ship! could such a restless thing
Afford them place of rest?
Or was the merchant charged to bring
The homeless birds a nest?

Hush! silent hearers profit most,
This racer of the sea
Proved kinder to them than the coast,
It served them with a tree.

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,
The tree they call a mast,
And had a hollow with a wheel
Through which the tackle passed.

Within that cavity aloft,
Their roofless home they fixed,
Formed with materials neat and soft,
Bents, wool, and feathers mixed.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor
With russet specks bedight,
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight.

The mother bird is gone to sea!
As she had changed her kind;
But goes the male?—far wiser he
Is doubtless left behind!

No!—soon as from the shore he saw
The winged mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love.

Then, perching at his consort's side,
Was briskly borne along,
The billows and the blast defied,
And cheered her with a song."

Westcath, Bodmin.

W. IAGO.

CROW-COURTS.

The common crow of the Shetlands is the Hooded, or Royston Crow. Dr. Edmonstone, who wrote a valuable book on Shetland, says that these crows seldom associate, unless for the "purpose of holding what is called the *crows' court*." This "convocation" exhibits a curious fact in their history. Numbers are seen to assemble on a particular hill or field from many different points. On some occasions the meeting does not appear to be complete before the expiration of a day or two. As soon as all the deputies have arrived, a very general noise and croaking ensue; and, shortly after, the whole fall upon one or two individuals, whom they persecute and beat until they kill them. When this has been accomplished, they quietly disperse. These are supposed to be culprits or criminals, who undergo capital punishment after trial. A much more probable explanation is that the object of such assemblies is the making up of matches, rather than the trial and punishment of delinquents. Some days may elapse before they can adjust their rivalships and jealousies, and some fighting is exceedingly natural; but it is conjectured that the members which came to the spring assizes one by one, go off by pairs at the end of the session.

Mrs. Saxby, *née* Edmonstone, niece of the author of the book referred to, says, in a letter: "I remember once waking in the night and hearing an unearthly noise on the lawn. Going to the window I found the grass was covered with hoodies, and I watched them for hours. A poetic imagination might easily have fancied they were 'holding their court,' for some went solemnly stalking up and down, pecking those who presumed to intercept them, and others sat quite still, blinking their funny white eyelids, and occasionally uttering a subdued and dignified croak. I easily discovered who were the sages and who were the talkative youngsters; who were the coquettes and who were the experienced matrons. There was something utterly ludicrous and yet weird in the parody upon human nature in their gait and behaviour, but I saw nothing like a *court of justice* in the assemblage, and you will see that Dr. Saxby, in his '*Birds of Shetland*,' treats the popular idea of a '*crows' court*' as fanciful."

"The large flocks," says Dr. Saxby, "which assemble in spring, have given rise to the extraordinary accounts one occasionally hears of the '*crows' court*,' it being supposed that they meet at stated periods for the purpose of trying and executing criminals. Even comparatively modern writers have been at some pains to revive the legend, and that, too, without a word of dissent from the popular belief. Macgillivray, however, with his usual caution, concludes his allusion to the subject with the remark that 'some more accurate observations are wanted.' For my own part, I can only assert that I have watched these assemblages scores of times, but have

observed nothing particularly worthy of mention, with the exception of an occasional short-lived squabble, such as is constantly occurring in any large flock of birds. I believe, however, that a considerable amount of *courting* takes place at these meetings, having noticed that pairing takes place very soon after the dispersal of the flock. Low, speaking of Orkney, takes a somewhat similar view of the case when he says, 'They meet in the spring in vast flocks, as if to consult on the important affairs of summer, and after flying about in this manner for eight days or so, separate into pairs, and betake themselves to the mountains.'

Varieties.

AUDITORS OF ACCOUNTS.—The many disgraceful revelations connected with bank failures have led to discussion as to the duties of auditors of accounts. The routine is for auditors only to inspect and compare figures and vouchers placed before them, certifying correctness of entry, on the faith of managers or officials. Mr. Maclean, M.P., proposes that in addition to this perfunctory and mechanical routine, auditors shall have the power of examining any officers from whom they may desire explanations, and that they shall certify a form of account containing a faithful statement of the real condition of the bank's affairs up to date.

CREMATION AND CRIME.—Colonel Colomb, R.A., has published a letter on the subject of cremation, in which he says: "As a British subject, I want to know how cremation can possibly be legalised without a previous minute *post-mortem* examination of the corpse proposed to be cremated. The facilities offered by cremation to those who for any private special reason may wish to make away with their friends are only too obvious. The funeral pyre, however classical or magnificent, will infallibly destroy all traces of foul play."

MR. ROWSELL.—We are glad to learn that Mr. F. W. Rowsell, lately head of the Contract Department of the Navy, and who has since done good public service at Malta, has been appointed Commissioner for managing the Dairch, or personal estates, of the Khedive. Three-fourths of the land belongs to the ruler of Egypt. For such a post an energetic and honourable man was needed. We hope Mr. Rowsell may find time to send an occasional paper to the "Leisure Hour," to which he has been a valuable contributor.

SUMNER, BISHOP OF CHESTER.—I found him on one occasion in a railway carriage bound for Crewe on episcopal duty. He intended walking from the station, bag containing his canonical habiliments in hand, some miles to his destination, and returning the same day to Chester. Much did he commend the facility of diocesan visitations afforded to bishops by the railway, contrasting with his own trifling expenses the cost to his predecessor, Dr. Law, who travelled for the same purpose in his carriage, drawn by four horses—the postboys clad in his livery—and was obliged to pass a night away from home. The bishop induced me to accompany him so far as Crewe, whence he trudged forward on his solitary pilgrimage.—*Lord Teignmouth's Recollections.*

FOOTMARKED STONES.—At a recent meeting of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, Captain Thomas, R.N., one of the vice-presidents, read an interesting paper on the ancient custom of kings and chiefs being installed by standing upon a footmark engraved on a rock or stone. There is a footmark of this kind on the summit of Dunadd, Glassary, Argyleshire, which most probably indicates the place of inauguration of the kings of Dalriada. Dunadd is a steep craggy hill, about 176 feet in height, situated near Kilmichael. At the height of about 120 feet it has the remains of a wall of defence, in which is a gateway facing the south-east. Within this enclosure there is a large well, and the apex of the hill is enclosed by a second wall forming the acropolis or citadel of the dun. To the northward of the highest point the living rock is smooth and bare of sward, and in it is engraved a footmark of a right foot, cut half an inch deep, with perpendicular sides, and carefully smoothed and polished. About four yards southward from the footmark is a smooth polished and circular rock-basin, 11 inches diameter

and 8 inches deep. The footmark itself is 11 inches in length. Dunadd was first recognised as the capital of the Dalriadic kings by Mr. W. F. Skene. MacYurich, the sennachie of Clanranald, describes the installation of the Lords of the Isles as taking place, in presence of a bishop and seven priests, upon a great stone, with the track of a man's foot thereon, upon which he stood, denoting that he should walk in the footsteps of his predecessors, and that he was installed by right in his possessions. Similar footmarked stones were noticed as existing at Carmyllie in Forfarshire, in Glenesk, and at Lady Kirk in South Ronaldshay, Orkney. The custom of inaugurating a chieftain on such a stone was also recorded in Ireland, though there are few notices of the stones themselves.

HUNGARIANS IN LONDON.—In London there are benevolent societies for aiding distressed foreigners of various nationalities. Some of these are well known, but less has been heard of the Hungarian Association, which is under the patronage of the Emperor of Austria. At its last annual meeting (the ninth), the report stated that 337 Hungarians had been relieved during the year, and 43 provided with means of returning home. The evening classes established some time ago had proved in many instances more valuable than pecuniary aid, by helping Hungarians to acquire a knowledge of English, by which they were enabled more readily to procure employment. The Committee also pointed with satisfaction to the continuance of repayments by recipients of assistance given them in time of need. Most of these foreign associations are aided by English contributions, and charity dispensed in these channels is pretty sure to be well bestowed, as the condition and character of the recipients of the bounty are well known to their more prosperous compatriots who form the committees of management.

PRACTICAL EFFECT OF SERMONS.—Mr. Spurgeon tells of a servant girl who, on being asked how she knew that she was really converted, said "she swept under the mats now." She did honest work, and not mere eye-service. We remember to have heard of a woman who had been at church and heard a sermon by which she was deeply impressed. She spoke of it as one of the greatest sermons she had ever heard. On being asked what was the text, she could not repeat it, or tell where it could be found. Nor could she give any clear account of the subject of the discourse or repeat anything that the preacher had said. All she knew was that as soon as she got home she burnt up her half-bushel. The sermon was on the sin of using false weights and measures, and it had taken such hold of her conscience that she made the application by destroying her own measure, which was short. The sermon that leads to reformation does good, even though the text and the discourse are not remembered.

SPLENDID DISCOMFORT.—Looking at Baron Rothschild's Chateau Ferrières, near Rheims, where he was quartered with the king, Prince Bismarck pronounced it very costly and very uncomfortable. "I should not like to have it, were it only because it is so over-complete. After all, the highest enjoyment consists in creating. The necessity of economy adds fresh zest to the joy of making things grow under your hand. If a man has to calculate whether he can afford 5,000 or 10,000 thalers for an improvement, the ultimate gratification is greater and purer than if he has enough and more than enough for anything he may plan. There is nothing that kills sooner upon the appetite than a superabundance of money."

DOGS.—The following anecdotes we take from the "Animal World":—A Dalmatian dog, who lives at Worthing, suffered from cataract in his eyes, and was cured by a veterinary surgeon living at Findon, who is in the habit of coming to Worthing twice a week, always on the same days and at the same time. The dog having been visited more than once, knew the days and time; and ever since he was cured he has gone two or three miles along the road to meet the surgeon, and will not leave him all the time he is in town. No one can persuade him to forget his benefactor, whatever the weather may be. Many years ago I was in the habit of visiting an elderly clergyman's family in Cumberland, where the family pet was a small half-bred terrier. The house was, at least, a mile and a half from the church, the bell of which was small and weak in tone. This dog not only knew when Sunday came round, but if by chance the family were at all late in starting for church, the dog declined to wait; he understood, somehow, that "church time" was drawing near, and when the family arrived in their old-fashioned pew their pet was sure to be found under the seat. Of course it is possible that the bell, which was inaudible to human ears, might be distinct enough to that of the dog; but, any way, his knowledge of the day itself, and his punctuality in starting, are very curious facts.